

*Pal.* Tis in our power,  
 (Vnlesse we feare that Apes can Tutor's) to  
 Be Masters of our manners: what neede I  
 Affect anothers gate, which is not catching  
 Where there is faith, or to be fond upon  
 Anothers way of speech, when by mine owne  
 I may be reasonably conceiv'd; fav'd too,  
 Speaking it truly; why am I bound  
 By any generous bond to follow him  
 Followes his Taylor, haply so long untill  
 The follow'd, make pursuit? or let me know,  
 Why mine owne Barber is unblest, with him  
 My poore Chinne too, for tis not Cizard iust  
 To such a Favorites glasse: What Cannon is there  
 That does command my Rapier from my hip  
 To dangle't in my hand, or to go tip toe  
 Before the streete be foule? Either I am  
 The fore-horse in the Teame, or I am none  
 That draw i'th sequent trace: these poore sleight sores,  
 Neede not a plantin; That which tips my bosome  
 Almost to'th heart's,

*Arcite.* Out Vncle Creon.

*Pal.* He,

A most unbounded Tyrant, whose successes  
 Makes heaven unfeard, and villany assured  
 Beyond its power: there's nothing, almost puts  
 Faith in a feavour, and deifies alone  
 Voluble chance, who onely attributes  
 The faculties of other Instruments  
 To his owne Nerves and act; Commands men service,  
 And what they winne in't, booke and glory on;  
 That feares not to do harm; good, dares not; Let  
 The blood of mine that's sibbe to him, be suckt  
 From me with Leeches, Let them breake and fall  
 Off me with that corruption.

*Arc.* Cleere spirited Cozen

Lets leave his Court, that we may nothing share,  
 Of his lowd infamy: for our milke,

Will relish of the pasture, and w  
 Be vile, or disobedient, not his k  
 In blood, unlesse in quality.

*Pal.* Nothing truer:

I thinke the Ecchoes of his shan  
 The eares of heav'nly Iustice: wi  
 Descend againe into their throats  
 Due audience of the Gods: *Val.*

*Val.* The King calls for you;  
 Till his great rage be off him. *Pal.*  
 He broke his whipstocke and e  
 The Horses of the Sun, but whi  
 The lowdenesse of his Fury.

*Pal.* Small windes shake him  
 But whats the matter?

*Val.* Thefem (who where he t  
 Deadly defyance to him, and pr  
 Ruine to Thebes, who is at hand  
 The promise of his wrath.

*Arc.* Let him approach;  
 But that we feare the Gods in h  
 A jot of terrour to us; Yet wha  
 Thids his owne worth (the ca  
 When that his actions dregd, w  
 Tis bad he goes about.

*Pal.* Leave that unreasond.  
 Our services stand now for Th  
 Yet to be neutrall to him, were o  
 Rebellious to oppose: therefore  
 With him stand to the mercy of  
 Who hath bounded our last min

*Arc.* So we must;  
 Ist sed this warres afoote for it  
 On faile of some condition.

*Val.* Tis in motion  
 The intelligence of state came in  
 With the desier.

Will

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